A Dialogue Between the Elder of the Church at A. And a Deacon of the Church at E.

BY W. H. TOUT M. D.

EDITOR EVANGELIST:—The object of the following dialogue, is to show the feelings and sentiments of many of the members belonging to the different churches.

Elder. Good morning brother E. I'm glad to see you, how are all at home?

Deacon. We are all well thank you. How are all with you?

E. We are all quite well except the old woman, she's nearly always complaining with "rheumatics" or the "neuralgia," or something of that sort.

D. How's crops in your neighborhood this year?

E. O, it looks gloomy enough. Our wheat was almost a failure. I only made about six hundred bushels off of sixty bushels sowing; and it now looks as if my corn won't make more than twenty bushels to the acre, and we only cultivated about one hundred acres in corn this season, but our hay crop has turned out first rate this season, and I think by being careful we can get through another year.

D. Yes, I hope so, though times are going to be mighty hard on poor people who have everything to buy. There was a poor fellow at my house this morning wanting to buy a turn of corn, and I hated the worst sort to refuse him as he said his folks were all sick and didn't have a dust of meal; but I just thought if I let him have it, why then others would be coming after me to sell them bread corn, and I concluded, I wouldn't sell any until the price went up. I believe it's going to be worth a dollar a bushel in the spring, and I've got about twelve hundred bushels of old corn, and then my new crop is going to be better than I expected; really, I believe I've got more corn than I had last year.

E. Yes, well I'm glad to hear you are doing so well and I hope you may realize a good price for your corn. I think I'll feed mine to hogs. I believe bacon will be worth fifteen cents a pound next year, and it behooves a man these times to make all he can out of what he's got. And now, not wanting to change the subject, how is the church at B. getting along.

D. Well, I can't see that we are doing much good. It seems some how or other, that the people don't take much interest in our meetings and every thing seems to kind of drag.

E. Oh, I'm sorry to hear it, I had hoped you would get along all right when I heard you had employed a new preacher this year.

D. Yes, and we expected better results, and for a month or two after our preacher first came among us every thing looked like as if we were going to prosper, but it didn't last long, and we are all feelingl badly disappointed.

E. Indeed! I'm real sorry to hear of your disappointment, and what do you think has been the cause of your failure? Has your preacher failed to do his duty?

D. Well, no I can't say that he has; but somehow he don't give satisfaction to the church. The outsiders and the sects seem to like him very much and say they like to hear him preach, but he don't suit some of the members of the church.

E. Is he unsound, or does he pander to the sects, or to the common evils of the times?

D. O, no, he never says a word about the sects, nor their doctrines, but is continually preaching to the brethren, and opposing them going to the fairs and horse races, balls, shows, theatres and such like, and is terribly opposed to the brethren drinking a dram of whiskey, or even signing a petition for a license to sell whiskey, and all such as that, and you know brother E. there is a good many of our best members, and those that pray the loudest, are not willing to be dictated in such matters.

E. Well, Bro. D. perhaps the preachers think it's his duty to preach against such things.

D. Yes, I suppose he does, but I think it would have been better for him to have said less about these things, and exposed the sects more than he has. Why, all the other preachers have preached on baptism this year, and our preacher has not preached a single discourse on that subject the whole blessed year.

E. Has he never said anything about baptism in any of his discourses?

D. O, yes he has frequently, quotes the commission, and reads the second of Acts and sixth of Romans and second of Collossians and third of first Peter etc., but we think he ought to expose the sects in their teachings on that subject. But in place of doing that, he even admits in some of his discourses that he believes there are Christians in other churches besides ours.

E. Does he never try to show that men are saved by obedience to the Gospel?

D. Yes, he shows all that well enough and urges its importance too.

E. Well, are you going to keep him next year?

D. No, we will not keep him any longer after his time is out, which will be about the end of this year.

E. Whom do you think you will get to preach for you next year?

D. We don't know yet, but we are going to try to get a preacher that will draw a crowd from the world, and will please all the members. We want a man that can mix among the people.

E. Your preacher is not very social then, I suppose?

D. No, he seems to be kind of distant towards strangers, and rather reserved amongst the members, and then my wife thinks he is partial.

E. Ah, that's too bad I declare, I always thought it awful wrong for a preacher to show partiality amongst the members.

D. Well, I'll tell you how he does and you can judge for yourself: One evening last week my wife went down in town, and carried her baby with her, and she had taken a great deal of pains to dress it nice; and really, Bro. E. I can't say it because it's mine, but every body else says it is, the prettiest baby in town. Well, she met our preacher in Mr. Smith's store and he just barely shook hands with her and asked if we were all well, but never as much as noticed her baby at all, and while she was talking to him sister Cross came in, and she had her baby with her, (which my wife says is by no means a pretty child) and he just took on over her baby and said it was the finest, most intelligent looking child he'd seen in a long time, and kept on talking that sort of stuff until my wife became so disgusted she left the store and went home, and I had hard work to get her to go on Sunday afterwards to hear him preach; and really, she says she don't care if she never hears him again.

E. Well, may be he didn't intend to show partiality, and if I was in your place I'd ask him about it.

D. O, no, I "shan't" say anything to him about it, and if he's a mind to make a fool of himself in that sort of a way, I don't care.

E. Where do you think he will go next year?

D. I have no idea, but I suppose he'll try and get some other place when he finds out we don't want him.

E. From what I have heard of him I supposed he was a very good man, and I do think it is a great pity that all good men can't see that their own interests is to please the people so they can stay in one place longer at a time. We had a good man preaching for us last year and everybody seemed to like him, but he acted foolishly like you say your preacher does, and preached a great deal against the sins of church members, and kept urging them to attend the prayer meeting until some of them fell out with him, and when the end of the year came, they wouldn't subscribe a cent to pay him, and so he had to leave.

D, Ah, indeed, I hadn't heard of that.

E. Yes. and I told him several times not to notice little things so much, and if he didn't quit it the members would get down on him and that he would have to leave and have to go some where else. But he contended it was his duty to condemn little sins as well as big ones, and so he went ahead until he ruined himself and finally had to leave, and I hear it quite broke him up, and it cost every cent he could raise to move his family to where he now lives. I told him the morning he left, that I was sorry he had to move, and hoped he would be more cautious where he was going about giving offense to the brethren about such little trifles.

D. And have you no preaching this year?

E. No, none at all.

D. And how do you get along without preaching?

E. O, first rate.

D. Do you meet regularly?

E. Yes, that is, a few of us do.

D. And do you have a pretty good hearing from the world when you meet?

E. O, no, only a few of the old brethren and sisters meet on Sunday.

E. And where do the younger members of the church and worldlings go to on Sunday?

E. Well, they go to other churches where they have preaching, and other places.

D. Have you had any additions to the church since the preacher left?

E. No, we haven't, but we are going to send off next fall, (that is if the crops don't fail) and get a "big preacher," and have a big protracted meeting," and we think we can get about thirty-five or forty additions.

D. O, well, that will do, and I intend to try to get our church to adopt that plan, as it will be so much cheaper than having a regular preacher; and then if crops should fail, why, we needn't have the "big meeting," and then we won't have any expense at all.

E. Well, I must be going, good by Bro. D. and come to see us some time.

D. I do declare, Bro. E. I've got so much to do it seems like I never can get a chance to visit my friends.

E. Well, come up some Sunday and bring the old woman along and stay all day with us, we've got some old peach brandy and we'll make it as pleasant for you as possible.

D. Well, Bro. E. as soon as old sorehead preacher goes away, we'll come sure and spend the day with you, but as our preacher is always taking exceptions to visiting on Sunday, and especially so badly opposed to drinking a dram, and I don't want to have any contention with him about such things I'll wait until he gets away.

E. I'd liked to have forgot. I heard there was a Universalist preacher who delivered a discourse in your town last Sunday.

D. Yes, he told his audience that the "Devil" was a personification of evil, and eminated from man's physical organism. Now we all know that is false. If therew as no personal devil, man could never have taken his picture. Our best Bibles has his picture. This is proof positive of his identity. God bless you, Good by.

Archie, Mo.

What Ailed A Pillow.

Annie was saying her prayers, Nell trifled with a shadow-picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white—golden curls and snowy gown, by the bed's side.

"Now, Annie watch!" "Annie just see!" "O Annie, do look!" she said, over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be put out in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching and "Oh, dearing." Then she lay quiet awhile, only to begin again with renewed energy.

"What's the matter?" asked Annie, at length.

"My pillow!"—tossing, thumping, kneading. "It's as flat as a board and hard as a stone; I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse, then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver, it's true, but she was determined never afterward to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered, soon after getting into bed again. "It's all right now!"

I think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn; there are no prayers in them. Nell's remedy was the best, the only one. Prayer made the pillow soft, and she sank to rest as under a sheltering wing.—*Early Dews*